

# Lita's Love for the Alpha

## Hallucinations

Once she had gotten closer to her apartment, Lita finally eased her grip on the steering wheel. Her hands were damn near glued in that position for how tightly she'd been clenching it. Lita's heart was going a mile a minute and her mind was foggy. What had she just seen? Giant wolves? She violently shook her head, unable to stop the motion for another two blocks.

There was no way. That kind of thing was flat out impossible. She was having a mental breakdown from over-medication. It was the only option that made any sense. Her therapist had warned her that taking too many meds could make her hallucinate. First the eye colors, now giant wolves. She was just drugged up, that's all. Her body shivered, insisting that she look closer at the facts, but she refused, knowing hallucinations could cause bodily symptoms too. She swallowed.

Regardless of the fact that she was pretty sure she had a mental breakdown, Lita still paced her apartment once she got inside. What the hell had she just seen? What the hell had just happened? After racing home doing twenty-five over the speed limit, she'd braced the door with a chair under the doorknob and the chain across the doorway. But she really couldn't say why she did it. Did Lita honestly think a giant wolf was going to break down her apartment door?

She let out a hoarse chuckle, gripping her roots as if it would help her settle down. Damn, at least she didn't have to explain anything to Brian, who was thankfully not playing stalker tonight.

After the few very tense minutes staring at her door passed, she finally relaxed. No one was yelling to be let in. No one was breaking down her door. Giant wolves didn't exist. The world didn't end. No one was out to get her. She let out another anxious laugh and collapsed onto her couch with a wine cooler, one of the few things she actually consumed without a problem.

Shivering, Lita jammed the cool bottle up against her pounding temple. After taking a long swig, Lita pulled her book bag up onto the coffee table then flicked on the tv. She searched for a second for the best movie to calm her nerves and settled on the Harry Potter movie marathon. What better way to kill a complete night of thinking?

That signature theme music played, and Lita felt her shoulders losing their tension. She fell into the comfortable rhythm of her schoolwork, making it quietly through two full classes of homework before she got to English. The English homework, however, was proving to be more difficult than she realized as she studiously clacked away on her laptop. She eyed the personal essay prompt. \*Write about a time you felt weak.\* Damn, there were almost too many times to count. And she didn't think she'd be able to write about any of them. She puttered around for a few minutes, playing with ways to tweak real things into socially acceptable ones.

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Her brother? No. Hell no. That subject had bright flashing red lights around it, like a railroad crossing. Brian? Nope. Not opening that can of worms. It was going to be too hard to make that acceptable. She didn't feel like being pulled aside after class and given the abuse hotline number. She'd called before. But with her own family hell-bent on this relationship, there wasn't much anyone could do for her. Her mother? God no. Suddenly, the wolves flashed in her mind. She pushed it away. Lita could talk about how difficult the last month at the gym had been. Lita jotted a few quick memories to flesh out later. She wasn't in the mood to ruminate on being too weak to lift a ten-pound weight, and she didn't want to think about the gym.

As much as Lita tried, she couldn't stop her mind from wandering back to Brian and the movie she'd forgotten all about. In less than twenty-four hours, she was going to be confined to the small space of a vehicle. Then crammed in the tight, enclosed seats of the theater. Lita hated going to the movies with him because if the movie wasn't good, it put him in the worst mood. How could she get out of it? She hurried through a handful of ideas, and she knew none of them would work. Not after how long she'd pushed him aside.

She scratched over her wrist tattoo. If James was here, he'd promptly beat the ever-loving shit out of Brian and scare him off for good. But hadn't that been the problem in the end? Wasn't that why she was alone now?

She switched to the next prompt. \*Write about a time you felt strong.\* Well, damn. She rolled her eyes and got up for another cooler. \*Fuck it, just bullshit, she thought.\* Make something up. She jotted down some moments that sounded true but hadn't ever happened to her. She really didn't have an outstanding track record with feeling strong. Angry? Sure. Aggressive? Absolutely, but never when it counted. She'd never felt strong.

Glancing at the time, Lita straightened her legs, clicked off the tv and headed for the shower. She smelled herself, and it had been hours since she first sat down. Her entire backside was numb, and she rubbed at the muscles.

Looking at herself naked, all the places that once looked sallow and loose, now looked healthy. Not quite muscular, but firmer. She turned to see her butt had rounded out a little and now there was a clear curve separating her back from her thighs. Others may not have seen it yet, but she stared at herself every single day. Those slight changes were everything. Not just for her confidence, but also for her escape plan. Maybe she could do this. She could get away from Brian.

After having just inspected herself, she couldn't help but think about the gym again, her mind finally piecing together something she hadn't registered. Stace told her to run. That scream, that plea, wasn't from Lita's imagination. And if the wolves hadn't been real, why would Stace do that?